



CONDUCTING RECITAL

**Kimberley Taylor
Irene Apanovitch
Tammy-Jo Mortensen**

Monday, April 12, 2010 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta

Program

Let Down the Bars, O Death
Under the Willow Tree
O Magnum Mysterium

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)
Morten Lauridsen
(b. 1943)

Gianna Read, soprano
Denis Arseneau, piano
Kimberley Taylor

From Three Elizabethan Part Songs (1896)

- ii. Willow Song
- iii. O Mistress Mine

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

From **Four Shakespeare Songs** (1984)

- i. Come Away, Death (Twelfth Night II:4)

From *O Mistress Mine* (1990)3. Nils Lindberg

- iii. Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day (1933 -),

Irene Apanovitch

Jaakko Mantyjarvi
(b. 1963)

An Easter Alleluia (1996)

Eleanor Daley
(b. 1955)

Behold, the Tabernacle of God (1933)

Healey Willan
(1880-1968)

Living in a Holy City (2001)

Stephen Hatfield
(b. 1956)

Adam Neimetz, percussion
Tammy-Jo Mortensen

Texts

Let down the bars, O Death!

The tired flocks come in
Whose bleating ceases to repeat,
Whose wandering is done.
Thine is the stillest night,
Thine the securest fold;
Too near thou art for seeking thee,
Too tender to be told.

Under the willow tree two doves cry.

Where shall we sleep, my love,
Whither shall we fly?
The wood has swallowed the moon,
The fog has swallowed the shore,
The green road has swallowed
The key to my door.

O magnum mysterium et admirabile sacramentum

Ut animalia viderent Dominum natum
Jacentem in proesepio
O beata virgo, cuius viscera me ruerunt portare
Dominum Jesum Christum

Alleluia! O great mystery, and wonderful sacrament,
that animals should see the new-born Lord, lying in a manger!
Blessed is the Virgin whose womb was worthy to bear
Christ the Lord. Alleluia!

Willow Song (Othello, Act IV Scene 3)

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow:
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

O Mistress Mine (Twelfth Night, Act II Scene 3)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Come Away, Death (Twelfth Night, Act II Scene 4)

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day (Sonnet 18)

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And oft' is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
 But thy eternal Summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

An Easter Alleluia

Text adapted from Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Alleluia,
 Christ the Lord is risen today,
 Our triumphant holy day.
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 sing, o heav'ns, and earth reply:
 Alleluia!

Behold, the Tabernacle of God

Text from Antiphons of the Feast of Dedication

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men,
 and the Spirit of God dwelleth within you;
 for the temple of God is holy, which temple are ye:
 for the love of whom ye do this day celebrate the joys of the
 temple with a season of festivity.
 O how dreadful is this place.

This is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

Living in a Holy City

(words and music by Stephen Hatfield)

We come together to work, so that face to face we can
 instruct our hands,
 to build a house of grace, for ev'ry one of us here is a dwell-
 ing place,
 and we're assembled for a holy city. Alleluja, you holy city.
 We come together to work, so that hand in hand,
 we raise our voices up to mark the place we stand.
 And ev'ry step that you take is a promised land
 we raise our voices up to mark the place we stand.
 And ev'ry step that you take is a promised land
 when you are heading for a holy city. Alleluja, you holy city.
 We come together to work so that voice to voice we can
 command the world:
 ev'ryone rejoice!
 Messenger dares you to make your choice,
 say you're preparing for a holy city. Alleluja, you holy city.
 I must be living in a holy city. Alleluja.

Graduate Recital Choir

Soprano

Antonia Johnson
 Brynn MacDonald
 Gianna Read
 Kaylee-Rose Rudiger
 Jorgianne Talbot
 Kimberley Taylor

Alto

Irene Apanovitch
 Ruth Brodersen
 Maria Conkey
 Susan Farrell
 Isabelle Gallant
 MacKenzie Grisdale
 Hyejin Lee
 Tammy-Jo Mortensen

Tenor

Sean McMann
 Jesse Orjasaeter
 Elsa Rice
 Rafael Sibrian E.
 Sten Thomson
 Anthony Wynne

Bass

Adam Arnold
 Harlan Bertolin
 Scott Garland
 Matthew Knight
 Colin Labadie
 Adam Sartore